

*Talb.* Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?  
*Pucell.* Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,  
 To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

*Talb.* I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,  
 But vnto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.  
 Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

*Alanf.* Seignior no.

*Talb.* Seignior hang: base Mulerers of France,  
 Like Pefant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,  
 And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.

*Pucell.* Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,  
 For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.  
 God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you  
 That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*

*Talb.* And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
 Or else reproach be *Talbot's* greatest fame.  
 Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,  
 Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,  
 Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.  
 And I, as sure as English *Henry* liues,  
 And as his Father here was Conqueror;  
 As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,  
 Great *Cordelions* Heart was buried;  
 So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

*Burg.* My Vowes are equall partners with thy  
 Vowes.

*Talb.* But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,  
 The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,  
 We will bestow you in some better place,  
 Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.

*Bedf.* Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:  
 Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,  
 And will be partner of your weale or woe.

*Burg.* Courageous *Bedford*, let vs now perswade you.

*Bedf.* Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,  
 That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,  
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.  
 Me thinkes I should reuiue the Souldiors hearts,  
 Because I euer found them as my selfe.

*Talb.* Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,  
 Then be it so: Heauens keepe old *Bedford* safe.  
 And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie*,  
 But gather we our Forces out of hand,  
 And set vpon our boasting Enemie. *Exit.*

*An Alarm: Excursions. Enter Sir John  
 Falstaffe, and a Captaine.*

*Capt.* Whither away Sir *John Falstaffe*, in such hast?  
*Falf.* Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,  
 We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.

*Capt.* What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?  
*Falf.* I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to saue my life.  
*Exit.*

*Capt.* Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.  
*Exit.*

*Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and  
 Charles flye.*

*Bedf.* Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,  
 For I haue scene our Enemies ouerthrow.  
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?  
 They that of late were daring with their scoffes,  
 Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselves.  
*Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.*

*An Alarm. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and  
 the rest.*

*Talb.* Lost, and recouered in a day againe,  
 This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:  
 Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.

*Burg.* Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*  
 Infrines thee in his heart, and there erects  
 Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

*Talb.* Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucell* now?  
 I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.

Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?  
 What all amont? Roan hangs her head for griefe,  
 That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the Towne,  
 Placing therein some expert Officers,  
 And then depart to Paris, to the King,  
 For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

*Burg.* What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.  
*Talb.* But yet before we goe, let's not forget  
 The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
 But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.

A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,  
 A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.  
 But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,  
 For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.*

*Pucell.* Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,  
 Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:  
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,  
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.  
 Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,  
 And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,  
 Wee'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,  
 If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

*Charles.* We haue been guided by thee hitherto,  
 And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,  
 One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.

*Bastard.* Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,  
 And we will make thee famous through the World.  
*Alanf.* Wee'll set thy Statue in some holy place,  
 And haue thee reuerenc'd like a blessed Saint.

Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.  
*Pucell.* Then thus it must be, this doth *Joane* deuise:

By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,  
 We will entice the Duke of *Burgonie*  
 To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.

*Charles.* I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,  
 France were no place for *Henries* Warriors,  
 Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,  
 But be extirped from our Prouinces.

*Alanf.* For euer should they be expuls'd from France,  
 And not haue Title of an Earldome here.

*Pucell.* Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,  
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

*Drumme sounds a farre off.*

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue  
 Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

*Here sound an English March.*

There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spred,  
 And all the Troupes of English after him. *French*

*French March.*

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:  
 Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.  
 Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

*Trumpets sound a Parley.*

*Charles.* A Parley with the Duke of *Burgonie*.

*Burg.* Who craues a Parley with the *Burgonie*?

*Pucell.* The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-

man. *Burg.* What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching  
 hence.

*Charles.* Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy  
 words.

*Pucell.* Braue *Burgonie*, vndoubted hope of France,  
 Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

*Burg.* Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.

*Pucell.* Look on thy Countrey, look on fertile France,  
 And see the Cities and the Townes defact,

By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,  
 As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe,

When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes,  
 See, see the pining Maladie of France:

Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,  
 Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Brest.

Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,  
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:

One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countreys Bosome,  
 Should grieve thee more then streames of forraine gore.

Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,  
 And wash away thy Countreys stayned Spots.

*Burg.* Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,  
 Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

*Pucell.* Besides, all French and France exclaimes on thee,  
 Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Who ioynt thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,  
 That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?

When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,  
 And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,  
 And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?

Call we to minde, and marke but this for prooffe:  
 Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foe?

And was he not in England Prisoner?  
 But when they heard he was thine Enemie,

They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,  
 In sight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,  
 And ioynt with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,  
*Charles* and the rest will take thee in their armes.

*Burg.* I am vanquished:  
 These haughtie wordes of hers

Haue batt'rd me like roaring Cannon-shot,  
 And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.

Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:  
 And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.

My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.  
 So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.

*Pucell.* Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-  
 gaine.

*Charles.* Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes  
 vs fresh.

*Bastard.* And doth beget new Courage in our  
 Breasts.

*Alanf.* *Pucell* hath brauely play'd her part in this;  
 And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.

*Charles.* M  
 And ioyne o  
 And seeke h

*Enter the  
 Som*

*Talb.* My  
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*Vern.* No  
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